ſooth I will hould my tongue, ſo your face bids mee, though you ſay nothing.

Mum, mum, he that keepes neither cruſt nor crum,
Wearie of all, ſhall want ſome. That's a ſheald peſcod.

Gon. Not onely ſir this, your all-licenc'd foole, but other of your inſolent retinue do hourely carpe and quarrell, breaking forth in ranke & (not to be indured riots,) Sir I had thought by making this well knowne vnto you, to haue found a ſafe redres, but now grow fearefull by what your ſelfe too late haue ſpoke and done, that you proteſt this courſe, and put on by your allowance, which if you ſhould, the fault would not ſcape cenſure, nor the redreſſe, ſleepe, which in the tender of a wholſome weale, might in their working doe you that offence, that elſe were ſhame, that then neceſſitie muſt call diſcreet proceedings.

Foole. For you trow nuncle, the hedge ſparrow fed the Cooſkow ſo long, that it had it head bit off beit young, ſo out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. Come ſir, I would you would make vſe of that good wiſedome whereof I know you are fraught, and put away theſe diſpoſitions, that of late tranſforme you from what you rightly are.

Foole. May not an Aſſe know when the cart drawes the horſe, whoop *Iug* I loue thee.

Lear. Doth any here know mee? why this is not *Lear*, doth *Lear* walke thus? ſpeake thus? where are his eyes, either his notion, weaknes, or his diſcernings are lethergie, ſleeping, or waking; ha! ſure tis not ſo, who is it that can tell me who I am? *Lears* ſhadow? I would learne that, for by the markes of ſoueraintie, knowledge, and reaſon, I ſhould bee falſe perſwaded I had daughters.

Foole. Which they, will make an obedient father.

Lear. Your name faire gentlewoman?

Gon. Come ſir, this admiration is much of the ſauour of other your new prankes, I doe beſeech you vnderſtand my purpoſes aright, as you are old and reuerend, ſhould be wiſe, here do you keepe a 100. Knights and Squires, men ſo diſordred, ſo deboyſt and bold, that this our court infected with their manners, ſhowes like

like a riotous Inne, epicuriſme, and luſt make more like a tauerne or brothell, then a great pallace, the ſhame it ſelfe doth ſpeake for inſtant remedie, be thou deſired by her, that elſe will take the thing ſhee begs, a little to diſquantitie your traine, and the remainder that ſhall ſtill depend, to bee ſuch men as may beſort your age, that know themſelues and you.

Lear. Darkenes, and Deuils! ſaddle my horſes, call my traine together, degenerate baſtard, ile not trouble thee, yet haue I left a daughter.

Gon. You ſtrike my people, and your diſordred rabble, make ſeruants of their betters. *Enter Duke.*

Lear. We that too late repent's, O ſir, are you come? is it your will that wee prepare any horſes, ingratitude! thou marble harted fiend, more hideous when thou ſheweſt thee in a child, then the Sea-monſter, deteſted kite, thou liſt my traine, and men of choiſe and rareſt parts, that all particulars of dutie knowe, and in the moſt exact regard, ſupport the worſhips of their name, O moſt ſmall fault, how vgly did'ſt thou in *Cordelia* ſhewe, that like an engine wrencht my frame of nature from the fixt place, drew from my heart all loue and added to the gall, O *Lear. Lear!* beat at this gate that let thy folly in, and thy deere iudgement out, goe goe, my people?

Duke, My Lord, I am giltles as I am ignorant.

Lear. It may be ſo my Lord, harke *Nature*, heare deere Goddeſſe, ſuſpend thy purpoſe, if thou did'ſt intend to make this creature fruitful into her wombe, conuey ſterility, drie vp in hir the organs of increaſe, and from her derogate body neuer ſpring a babe to honour her, if ſhee muſt teeme, create her childe of ſpleene, that it may liue and bee a thourt diſuetur'd torment to her, let it ſtampe wrinckles in her brow of youth, with accent teares, fret channels in her cheeks, turne all her mothers paines and benefits to laughter and contempt, that ſhee may feele, that ſhe may feele, how ſharper then a ſerpents tooth it is, to haue a thankleſſe child, goe, goe, my people?

Duke. Now Gods that we adore, whereof comes this!

Gon. Neuer afflict your ſelfe to know the cauſe, but let his diſpoſition haue that ſcope that dotage giues it.

Lear. What, fiftie of my followers at a clap, within a fortnight?